GIANTESS SHOW

for MEN with GUTS

#2

YUM Y
P.O. Box 1231
Buffalo, N.Y.
14213

Greetings and welcome to the second issue of Giantess Show! As can be expected it's grown! G.S. is dedicated to supporting the fine tastes of enlightened men who like they're women a bit bigger than most girls. If you have comments, ideas, donations, or information to share please do. Yum Y is founded on the concept of catering to personal tastes. Drop us a line and let us know what you want to read and see. Stay tuned for Giantess Show #3. This time it will come out quicker and probably bigger! Don't forget to take advantage of our FREE advertising, personal or commercial! As long as it's Giantess or Crush related, we'll print it! Keep in mind, Giantess Show is only a baby right now so let's make it and the whole scene GROW! The larger we are the more power we'll have as a "market"; thus we force someone to keep us happier and happier. We need some more filmakers to get creative and shell out a couple bucks for some type of actresses! Come on God, the natives are restless! It's the beginning of a new age...

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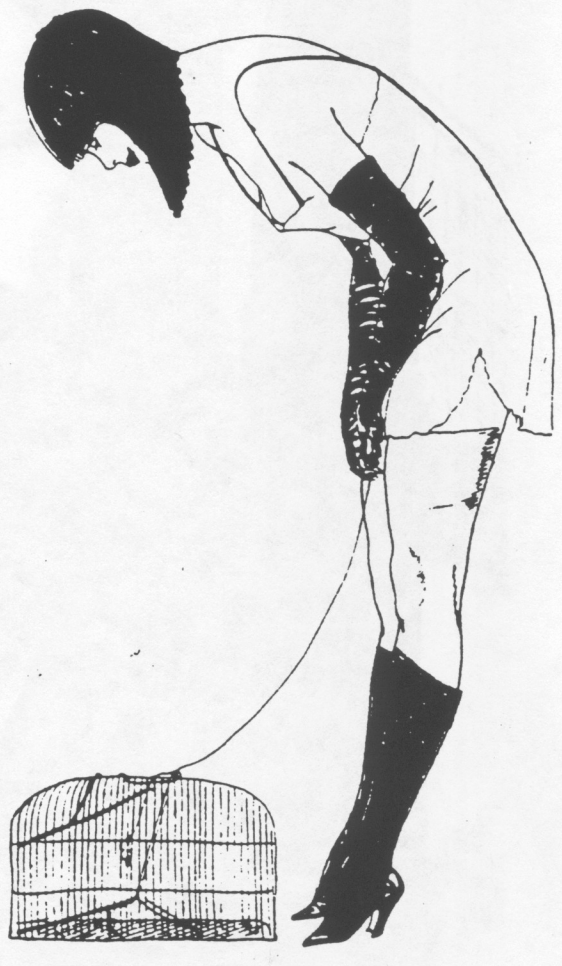
LOTZ OF COOL STUFF!!

E-MAIL US!

MASIE@DELPHI.COM



SPECIAL THANKS TO:
CAPP, CAT, RAM, G, CHELGI, ART, JIM O, LARRY, Mistress Holly, Amy, AND ALL THE others WHO HAVE BEEN A BIG HELP!!!

THANX!
THANX!

JAN 2nd
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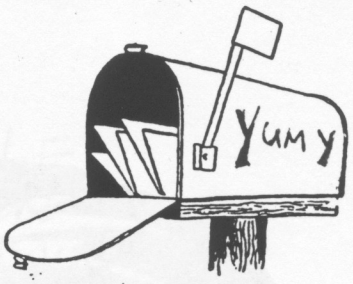
THE MAILBOX



Dear Yum Y,

50 ft or Taller Woman who invades a Town Destroying eveything. with police and Military weapons having no affect on her.

A Giant woman involing Local police ect.. and then Army units trying to stop her with Machine guns, ect.. When the weapons have no affect on her 50 ft or Taller Body and the sight of her Giant Body standing over and then Destroying Police cars, Military Jeeps, Troops, ect.. Really Turns me on and is a Favorite Fantasy of mine.

THE STORY "THESE BOOTS" WAS VERY GOOD. I CAN'T WAIT TO READ WHAT HAPPENS NEXT. ALSO, ALL THE ILLUSTRATIONS/PHOTOS IN ISSUE ONE WERE OUTSTANDING. YOU AND YOUR TEAM ARE TO BE COMPLIMENTED.

Great idea, I plan to support it.

YUM Y
PO Box 1231
Buffalo, N.Y. 14213

To whom it may concern:

Enclosed in a $10.00 money order for the "first publication dedicated exclusively to GIANT women and little men", "Giantess Show" as advertised in IN STEP.

Since the ad asked what fantasy turns me on...here it is: Scenario: A 150 foot giantess. Long hair, blonde, brunette, red head: it doesn't really matter. Not the super model look but a more realistic female, basically just pretty. Could be thin, could be big boned or a little plump. Clothing: As long as it is not any of this dominatrix look which I personally find silly. Jeans and a shirt, a miniskirt or a skirt the touches the ground, a sweat suit, a swim suit, naked or (a real turn on) a top and bikini bottom both made of animal skin type cloth. Shoes: NONE. Must be barefoot. Beautiful bare feet. Long and wide, long toes but not boney. Soles must be soiled as if she had walked through the streets or the park all day in her bare feet. She must really enjoy stepping on things, trampling cars, flattening houses and squashing people. I see her attacking the city. She looks down with a smile as each one of her giant bare feet land on helpless citizens instantly crushing them. She laughs as her foot slowly pulverizes a bus load of people. Then she spots me. I am frozen in awe as she makes her way towards me with each pounding footstep. Her enormous shadow darkens the street around me. She stands over me with her legs spread apart and her hands on her hips. She seems to sense my secret desire to be stepped on. She shifts all her weight to one side and raises one foot up high into the air. Her foot is poised high above me. She grins as her foot slowly descends. I get a great view of her foot's dirty sole. It is a wonderful combination of black and brown dirt with an occasional splash of blood from the people she had stomped on. I lie on the ground, face up, as her foot covers my body. The ball of her foot is about the crush my whole body. Suddenly she lifts her foot up and away and stomps down hard near my left sparing my life. "You enjoy this too much to die," she informs me. "I'll carry you around for a while." So here I am tightly held in her right hand at about the same level as her breasts. I stare way down with excitement she continues the terrorized the city. What a sight it is from my point of view to see half a dozen people disappearing at a time underneath each gorgeous bare foot of this giantess. After a few minutes she is obviously tired of me. She puts me down on the ground and she raises her foot, aims and quickly stomps down on me immediately squishing me. I'm just another stain on her already soiled sole.

Well, you did ask me.

WE HAVE A CHANCE FOR GRASS-ROOTS POWER HERE! "GIANT GIRLISM" IS BUSINESS, THAT'S PROFIT AND LOSS PEOPLE. WHEN YOU SEE (FOR EXAMPLE) COMICS WITH A GIANTESS, BUY 1 OR 2 MORE COPIES THEN YOU WOULD NORMALLY. WRITE THE COMPANY AND TELL THEM YOU WANT MORE GIANTESS ACTION. AND KEEP IT UP MONTHLY!

Three of a kind...
the lady has
the winning hand.
CAPP!

★"THE FEATURE ARTICLE ON COMICS YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR" ⇒ BUGGY

So your cursed with a giantess fetish and there's simply not enough material to satisfy your immense desires? Sure there's some great stuff you can order through a variety of people and you're lucky enough to have artists like CAT and Capp on your side but you still find yourself searching places in town where you might find something possibly related. Maybe a magazine cover, a comic, a greeting card, album cover etc... Something, anything! So where do you go?

Well, let's face it the local porno palace isn't gonna have a conveniently displayed and overflowing Giantess\Crush section filled with title's like "Amazon Dreams" or "Fifty Foot Bitch!" or "Crusher's". Instead you can only pray that this month's Leg Show will have a Gts story or maybe some new illustration, or photo collages. Maybe Nugget will at least have that cute little Mistress Cristine Ad with the cartoon Dominatrix and her tiny bound man kneeling in the palm of gloved hand.

Basically even if there is something in either mag it will usually be short and serve only as a cruel tease. The porno palace is only good for finding ad's related to Gts stuff if you're lucky. And you are because Giantess Show is working for you to feed your fix with information as it's discovered but you want still want MORE!!!

So the porno palace is out You could try the video store but you've seen everything they have ten times or more. How about the comic book store? Hell, comics are probably responsible for some of us having this fetish in the first place. Growing up wide eyed scanning the mysterious colorful pages of a science fiction fantasy world where people can fly and monsters exist. A land where women can be as tall as trees or even buildings! Are we the dreamers? Maybe but who cares? Let's see action!

I am guessing that most of you have and do visit your local comic book stores cruising the new arrivals for a new image to add to your giantess collection. Paging through endless rows of used comics for some holy book... More often than not leaving for home empty handed or disappointed that the only gts scene is on the cover.

Does this mean don't bother? Not at all. There are many comics that have gts imagery in them. While, they may not be sexual or completely satisfying they are still a precious find in our little little world. The artwork on some covers is worthy of the purchase alone. And guess what there are a bunch of 'em out there!

"Come back, Stephanie! I can explain...."

★ Yeah, Yeah. I KNOW WE NEED A computer etc... but being primitive HAS it's perks.

WARREN MAGAZINE
COLOR! SPECIAL ISSUE! COLOR!
EERIE
EERIE #81
FEB. 1977
SHE'S BIG! SHE'S BEAUTIFUL! SHE'S ATOP THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING! WHY?
READ THIS STARTLING ISSUE FOR SEVEN TOTALLY DIFFERENT ANSWERS!

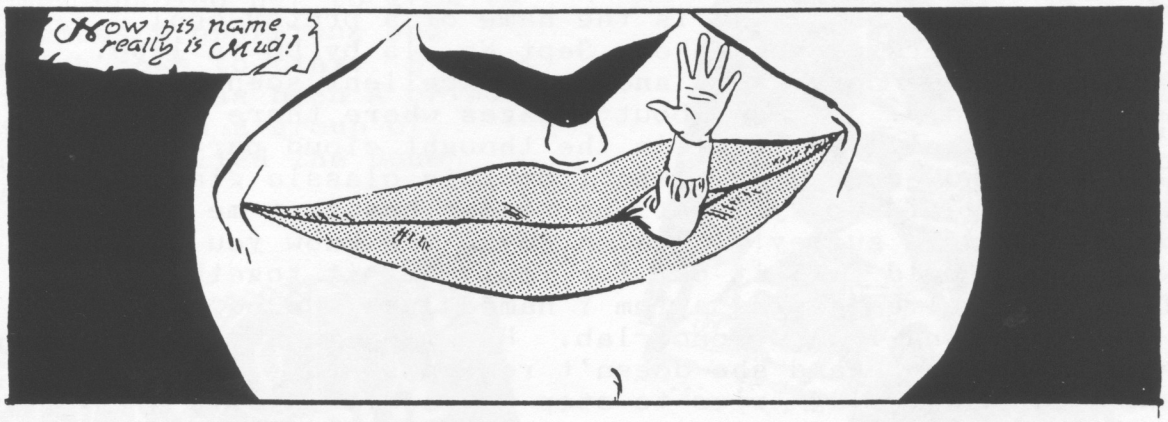
In fact I'll start with what is most likely the greatest giantess comic ever known. Get your paper and pen ready, here it is... EERIE #81 FEB 1977 by Warren comics. The special holiday Giantess issue. On the cover a naked giantess straddling the empire state building and holding a squirming little King Kong in her hand. Within the issue are seven/eight stories about the giantess theme!!

It seems that the idea here was for different artists and writers to explain the cover art. Which, I find rather sad due to the fact that many of the stories feature a Kong instead of what should be a man! What were they thinking? Oh, well...

Either way this is an important issue and should be obtained. To quote a GS reader: "By all means find this issue!!" He even found an extra copy for me!!! Thank you much sir, you know who you are! For those who aren't as lucky I would suggest calling local comic stores and used book stores. If they have it, it shouldn't cost very much and it is a worthwhile addition to your gts collection.

Eerie has some great artwork and a few good stories but overall the whole monkey theme is a bit frustrating. I wouldn't suggest paying too much money for this one but if you can get it cheaply, get it.

A comic called Mangazine did a series called Mini: A girl of epic proportions. Issues #10 & #12 July & Nov 1991. Mangazine is printed by Antarctic Press (AP). These are classics and should definitely be a part of your collection! Here we have some wonderful stuff. A must have for all those who want to be eaten by a giantess! She eats people like you eat popcorn!



Here we have an amusing story of a giantess coming down from the mountains upon a village in the mist of a "manure festival". She proclaims that she is hungry and proceeds to eat a fat man who proclaims himself as a burger-meister (big mistake). Mini throws her tiny victims in a bag and heads to her place to eat them. She dips them in a sauce and makes sandwiches out of many of them.

ED!!
SIC 'EM! SIC 'EM ED!
SICK 'EM BOY!!
ED
NO WILBUR!!
STICK A HORSE IN A DOGHOUSE WILLYA--?!
LISTEN BIKINI,
YOU SEEM TO HAVE FORGOTTEN "WHO'S ON FIRST" HERE
EEEP! SORRY, MINI, IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.
IT HAD BETTER NOT! OR ELSE IT'S 'MUNCH CITY' FOR A CERTAIN RODENT!!
NO, NOW I KNOW YOU'RE DINNER! 'TEE HEE'

As she is about to eat a man named Ferrette, he manages to catch her attention and imagination. The two devise a scheme, where ferrette robs houses while villagers stare in disbelief at the towering form of Mini. Mini then eats people at night.

I shouldn't tell you everything but I will tell you this, Mini uses her feet to capture many of her victims! The artwork is good to fair. It is a humorous story filled with musical gags and dark humor. Written by Shona Joshua but supposedly based on a comic from 1959 by Comic Calvacade by Lynn Morton called Lois Loudmouth giantess of the Adirondiaks. Anybody know this for sure? If it does exist, I'd love to see a copy of it. Highly recommended comics. (special thanks to G for trusting me with his precious copies)

There are probably other comics that are equally good if not better then Eerie and Mangazine but as far as I have seen so far, these are the longest and most dedicated. That is to say they revolve around the giantess theme more then any others.

There are of course a few of you saying what about Rita? Garganta? Tara? Lady giant and the Beast? Multi Woman? We'll get to them.

Lady Giant and the Beast is the name of a pretty cool story in Challengers of The Unkown Sept No. 15 by DC in 1960. Here we have a nice cover work and some excellent scenenarios in the actual story. It has about 8 pages where there is at least one gts panel. The fill in the thought cloud part of your Giantess Show survey is taken from this classic giantess comic. Speaking of surveys, not one reader has sent me a copy of a filled in survey! Come on guys, you know you know some woman who would fill it out for you! Get it together!

The plot evolves around a Yum Y named June who becomes a giant after working in a science lab. Her mind is somehow altered in the change and she doesn't recognize the Challengers and actually tries to step on them! This is a nice comic and should also go into your safe. I think I was ripped off when I bought it cause it cost me $17! It is however in great shape. If your pocket book won't bite you for buying this then do it.

Giantessophiles do have a few fairly regular heroines to look up to and admire. They are Rita Farr from the DC's DOOM PATROL (old doom patrol that is) and Garganta and Tara from AC's current and amazing Femforce. These women are the most frequent gts characters in a series, minus Multi Woman, who is a giant robot woman found in a few Challengers of The Unkown. Giantesses appear in many other comics but they are few and usually painfully brief.

SUPER-TEAM FAMILY

QUICKLY THE MEN SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET, BUT...
ELASTI-GIRL--I PLANTED DYNAMITE IN THE SUBWAY WHERE IT GOES UNDER THE RIVER! UNLESS WE RETURN IN FIVE MINUTES, MY MAN WILL DETONATE IT! YOU'LL HAVE TO RELEASE US NOW!
...AS THEY ARE RETURNED TO THE SURFACE...
YOU'D FLOOD THE SUBWAY SYSTEM JUST TO SAVE YOUR NECK?
HE MAY BE LYING, BUT WE CAN'T CHANCE IT! WE'VE GOT TO LET THEM GO!

According to DC comics Doom Patrol, Rita Farr a beautiful brunette was an actress before she became a freak of nature with the ability to reduce or increase her size. She was filming a scene when some mysterious fumes enabled her to grow to enormous proportions and shrink down to tiny. Ever since, she has been a crime fighter with a group of outcasts called the Doom Patrol.

ROBOTMAN ELASTI-GIRL NEGATIVE MAN
DOOM PATROL
THE WORLD'S STRANGEST HEROES!
12¢
UNCHAINED! ROBOTMAN RUNS RIOT WHEN HE BECOMES A ROBOTMAN-LOK!
PLUS THE SHATTERING SECRET BEHIND DC'S GREATEST NEW HERO... THE ORIGIN of BEAST-BOY!
YOU DID IT AGAIN, BEAST-BOY! WHY CAN'T YOU STAY OUT OF TROUBLE?

DOOM PATROL
JUNE
12¢
THE WORLD IS AGHAST AT THE MOST INCREDIBLE ALLIANCE--THE BROTHERHOOD of EVIL AND THE DP BECOME... BROTHERS IN BLOOD!
I--THE BRAIN--AM NOW THEIR LEADER! DESTROY THE CITY!

The series of comics started I believe in 1960'S and ended with #121 September-October 1968. The Doom Patrol sacrifice their lives for humanity in the last issue. After issue #121 a few reprints were made available. The series was restarted more recently but unfortunately Elasti-Girl isn't one of the survivors! I would suggest tracking down a copy of the official Doom Patrol index. I have part 2 of 2. I assume there is a part 1 so I could be missing information. The Doom Patrol also appear in a few SuperTeam family Giant issues during the late 70's. Maybe other appearances as well.

I don't highly recommend any Doom Patrol issues unless they are cheap. Rita is often drawn poorly and I haven't heard of any extraordinarily exciting issues. I do however, like the cover art of #112 June 1967. Here we have an angry looking Rita attacking a city with a car crushed in her grasp. Haven't found this one yet but it could be a hidden treasure. If you know of any Doom Patrol issues that are worthy of mention please drop me a line. The major problem with the Doom Patrol is that Rita is a boring prude as a giantess kind of like Hannah was. But she is a super amazon and that's certainly something better than nothing.

By now most of you are already on the bandwagon and already collecting AC's Femforce issues which have the only semi-steady giantess characters anywhere. AC comics should be available at any decent sized comic book store, it's an independent comic if that helps any. If you look through every AC Femforce back issue available at your local outlet I can almost guarantee that you will see at least one gts scene. As long as your store has a few. There are several Femforce covers with giantess scenes most notably issues #5, #46, #63 and #64.

Their names are Garganta, a gorgeous curvey blonde with green eyes, and Tara, a Yum Y amazon with dark hair and a dream body. Both of these girls are a gift to men like us. Don't overlook it and send AC letters asking for more of them.

CHAPTER 2
USING HER NEW-FOUND STRENGTH, DR HEISLER LIFTS THE TANK THAT BARS HER PATH AS IF IT WERE A CHILD'S TOY. DR HEISLER HAS BECOME A...
HAMMER OF DESTRUCTION!
OMIGOD! SHE'LL CRUSH US TO A PULP!
GET OUT! GET OUT!
YOU KNOW, I'VE FANTASIZED ABOUT A WOMAN LIKE THAT. BUT THIS IS A NIGHTMARE!

FEM FORCE #5

FEMFORCE'S GARGANTA

#63 and #64 are totally worthy of owning. I can't give away all the details but let's just say Garganta is involved with the filming a "50ft. Woman" rip off titled "Assault of the 60ft. Woman" when things go haywire, or should I say Garganta goes haywire... Multiple pages and great artwork. The cover of #64 is a must for giantess art collectors, very nice.

Again, Femforce or should I say AC comics in general seem to appreciate the giantess mystique. There are often scenes where women are made to appear larger in many of their comics. I especially like AC for their devotion to Good Girl Art! I am a fanatic for 40's and 50's styled women and AC does a fantastic job of keeping cheesecake fresh.

Check the list for more details on Garganta and Tara appearances. Does anybody have a list from AC? Let us know if you do. Consult your local stores for info because I have just ordered some Giantess packages of stuff relating to Garganta and Tara. I'm not sure the correct titles but I think they are called "giant women packs". They will include artwork, reprints of past stories, and some other things like a poster or something. Ask your local AC dealer for information. Won't be available until January 95.

The Femforce is definitely a comic to be watched. A high amount of giantess activity. Not to mention they have a tiny hero called Microman and seeing him sit in the hands of the hot Yum Y's of Femforce is a good thing on it's own. Again, I recommended looking at Femforce for new kicks. Good artwork and cheap! If any of you out there have an issue or two that you think should be mentioned here, let me know I am aware of cameo appearances and such bits but other than #63 and #64, I haven't seen any "full" length stories.

Now, there are more good comics but these are the classics as far as I know. Included in this issue is a fairly complete guide to comic book giantess appearances. Also the next few pages are filled with a few examples of what's already out there. So start checking your local comic shops, and second hand stores for any of these titles, cause hey, you never know?

FEMFORCE

GASP! GOOD LORD! SHE'S PICKED HIM UP LIKE HE'S A TOY!
NOW, YOU LITTLE WORM, I'LL TEACH YOU TO CHEAT ON ME!
HE'S DONE FOR!
RRRIP
BRING IN THE HEAVY ARTILLERY!
OH, NO! MY... MY COAT IS TEARING!
2

#63

I would like to thank all the people who have helped out so far in their generous gifts of information. You know who you are and thank you. Without your help I would have never heard of some of these titles and I can't wait to hear from all of you who are sitting there shaking your head saying "But Buggy, what about this issue of...." Well, what about it, you tell us!

The next couple of pages are samples of some the titles out there. The ones that are covers only will be written about as such. If I think any issue should be bought at all costs I will write YUM Y next to it as a sign of excellence in quality. Now, this is only my opinion but hopefully the summaries will be enough info for you to decide which ones you want to track down. Keep on looking!

THE SEEKER'S

Mini

YUM Y

FERIE

777

SKY GAL

SEMI YUM Y2

12¢ DC SUPERMAN'S GIRL FRIEND LOIS LANE

BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

FEATURING A GREAT IMAGINARY STORY... "IF LOIS LANE were a SUPER-WOMAN and CLARK KENT just an ORDINARY Man!"

CLARK KENT, YOU TURNED ME INTO A GIANTESS BY EXPOSING ME TO RED KRYPTONITE! NOW I'LL MAKE SURE YOU'LL NEVER PESTER ME AGAIN... I'LL PROJECT YOU INTO THE PHANTOM ZONE FOREVER!

SEMI YUM Y2

COVERS ONLY

COVER ONLY

FEW PAGES IN HERE... HER NAME IS MASADA, A NEW GIANTESS FOR U.

BUMMER ON THIS ONE!

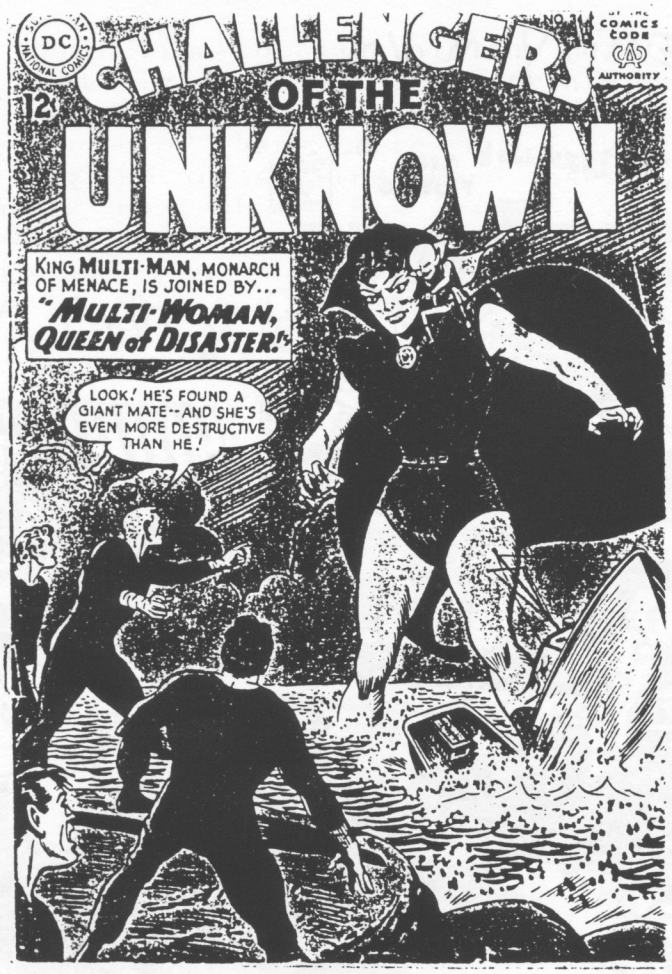
E-MAIL US AT MASIE@DELPHI.COM

PAGE OR TWO... INSIDE NOT REALLY YUM Y...

yumy

GREAT COVER! TOO BAD SHE'S JUST A ROBOT!

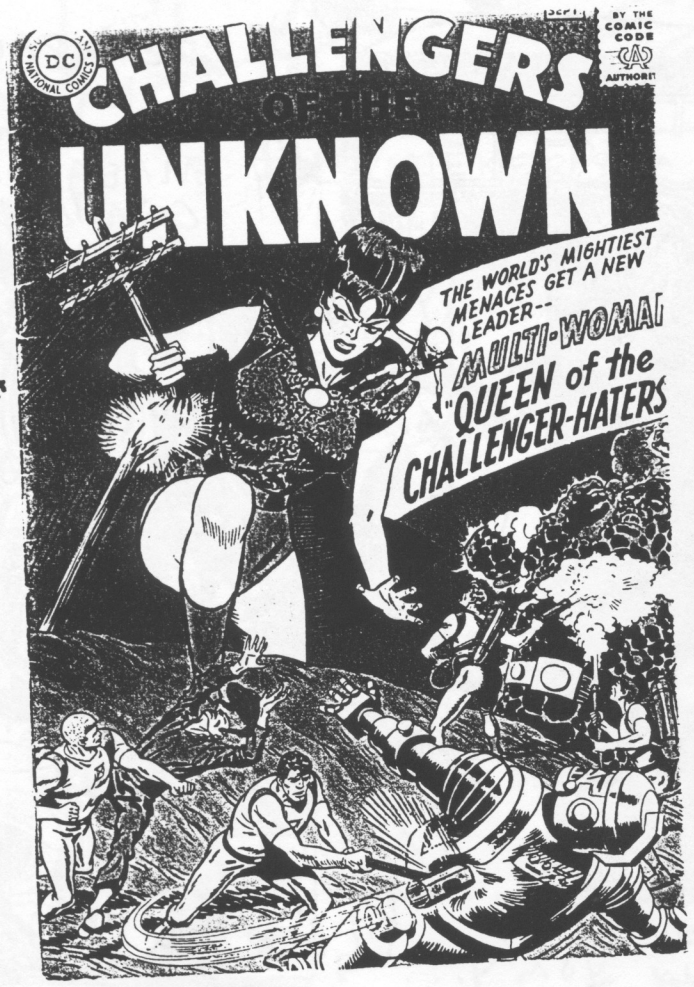
LOOK FOR THIS ONE...


DC
CHALLENGERS OF THE UNKNOWN
KING MULTI-MAN, MONARCH OF MENACE, IS JOINED BY... "MULTI-WOMAN, QUEEN of DISASTER!"
LOOK! HE'S FOUND A GIANT MATE--AND SHE'S EVEN MORE DESTRUCTIVE THAN HE!

DC
THIS ISSUE'S VILLAIN--SUPERGIRL?!?
SUPERMAN
EXTRA! WHERE DID SUPERBOY GO AFTER LEAVING SMALLVILLE?
THERE'S NO ESCAPE, SUPERMAN! I'M SHRINKING YOU DOWN TO NOTHING!
GREAT KRYPTON! SUPERGIRL'S GONE POWER-MAD!

WOMEN... THE WEAKER SEX? 12

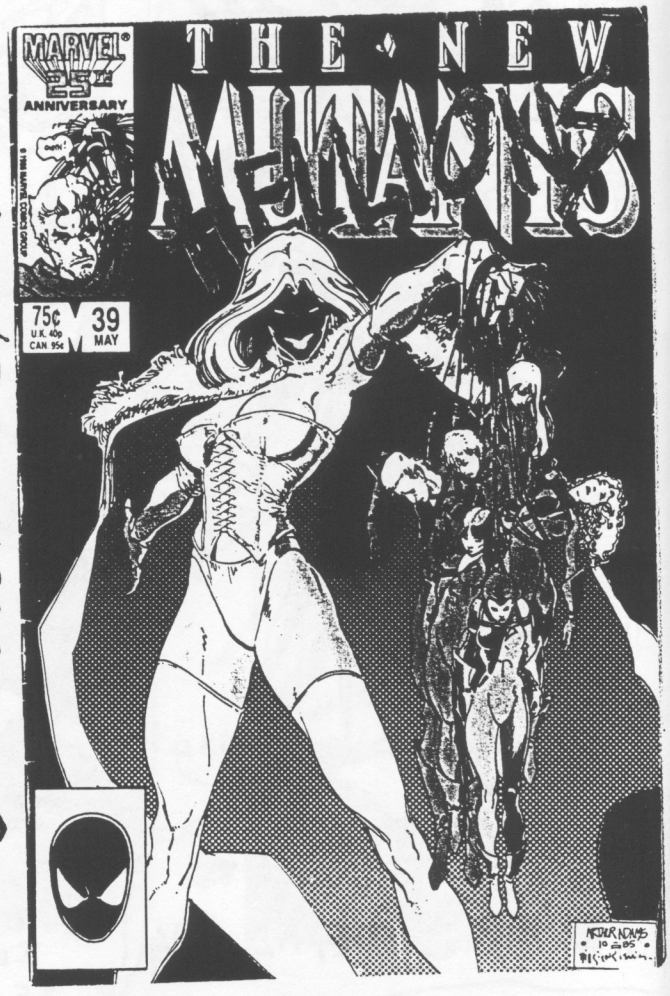
.ibid



ONE DAY, ALL MEN WILL BE REDUCED TO HELPLESS LITTLE PEONS, DOOMED TO LIVE IN THE HANDS OF ANGRY GIANTESSES...

* SO MARISSA SAYS...

COVER ONLY →



TITLE	PUBLISHER & INFORMATION	No.	YEAR
Aether Flyer	(Fantagraphic Books)		Oct. 1991
Atom	(Recurring DC Comics Character)		1962-68
Attitude Lad	(Slave Labor) Running gag of gts & Panty Linus	#2	1994
Challengers of the Unknown	"The Lady Giant and the Beast"	#15	1960
Challengers of the Unknown	"Multi-Woman, Queen of Disaster"	#34	1963
Challengers of the Unknown	"Multi-Woman Queen of the C. Haters"	#45	1965
Challengers of the Unknown	"Twilight of the Challengers"	#48	1966
Champions (heroic)	"And now... Malice" (Cover only)	#13	1994
Cole Black	Rocky Hartberg Production (Cover & page 1 only)	V2 #1	1986
Cosmic Kliti	(Eros) "The alternate realities of Cosmic"		June 1991
Doll Man	(Character in Feature Comics /Doll Man Comics)		1941-45, 49-53
Doll Man	(Full Moon Graphics)		1991-92
Doom Patrol	(Recurring Char. Rita Farr)		1965-66
Eerie (Warren Comics)	"Special Giantess Issue"	#81	1977
Erotica	(Last Gasp) Vaghin Bode: Vol 1 & 2		1983
Fem Force	(Recurring AC Characters Garganta, Tara)		1991-
Good Girl Art Quarterly	(AC) (Tara)		Sum 1991
Good Girl Art Quarterly	(Garganta)	#9	Sum 1992
Groo	(epic) (Marvel)	#26	April 1987
Heavy Metal	"Woman" Jeranoton		Jan 198?
John Carter of Mars	(Newspaper Strip by JC Burroughs)		July-Oct 1942
Judge Dredd	(Quality Comics) "Attack of the 50ft. woman"	#14	????
Legion Of Superheroes (DC)	"Glorith's Revenge" (cover only)	#53	1994
Lois Lane (DC)	"superman's girlfriend"	#47	Feb 1964
Malice in Wonderland	(Gang Bang) Wally Wood		1983
Mangazine	"Mini, A Girl of Epic Proportions" (vol 2)	#10,#12	July 1991
Miranda the Tease	(Forbidden Fruit Reprints)	#1,	#2 1992
Murder	(Renegade Press) (Cover only)	#2	Sep 1986
Naga	(Italian Comic) "L'uomo Supposta"	#4	Oct 1975
New Mutants	(Marvel) "Hellions" (cover only)	#39	May 1986
Pipssqueak Papers	(Eros -Wallace Wood)	#1	Dec 1993
Sally Forth	(Wally Wood)		#2 1977
Seekers, The	"Goddess of the 7 Moons" (English Newspaper Strip)		1973
Sexy Favole Doppie	(Italian Comic) Cover		#13 1974
Shock Suspense Stories	"The Big Stand-Up"		#3 1952
Sky Gal (AC)	(Cover only)		#2 1994
Spect.Spider Man Annual	"Spidey's Totally Tiny Adventure"	Vol 1	#10 1990
Strips	(Rip Off Press/Chuck Austen)	#1,#3,#5,#8,#9	1991-92
Superman (DC)	"This issues villian Supergirl??"	#365	Nov. 1981
Sylph	(Irregular character appearing in Cheri Magazine)		Late 70's
Tarzan Family: Korak Son of Tarzan	"In the Land of Gigantics"	#6?	1976
Trip to Tulum	Milo Manara/Federico Fellini		1990
Twin Earths	(Susor Reprints / Sunday Pages)	#3,#4	1992
Vanguard Illustrated	(Pacific Comics) (Cover only)	#1	1983
Weird Fantasy	(EC Comics) "Shrinking From Abuse"	#11	1952
Weird Science	(EC Comics) "Miscalculation"	#15	1952
Who's The Boss	Fighting Fem Classics, Eneg (Reprint)		1993
Wonder Woman	(DC)	#136	1962
Wonder Woman	(DC) "Captives of the Mirage Giants"	#142	????
Youngblood Strikefile (Image)	"From the same cloth"	#6	Aug 1994

UPDATE → DOUBLE FEATURE GIANT MAN + AVENGERS #381 DEC. 94'
FEATURES A 50ft. WOMAN STORY!

BABEZILLA! by CAT

WE NEED SECRETS...

Being a Giantess fetishist you become faced with a number of immediate problems. Such as you're not 3" tall and there are no 50ft. women hanging out in single bars or putting ad's in the local personals. Sad but true. The big problem for us is that this fantasy is strictly fantasy and can never (at least not yet...) be achieved in reality. As much as we all dream about it, we'll most likely never know what it's like to be with a real Giantess.

So where does this leave us? You can be sure that society will not accept our desires as normal or sane for that matter. In fact mainstream society would think of us as psychologically dysfunctional and in desperate need of therapy. It has taken years for people to "accept" homosexuality at all and we all know that fetishism in general is viewed as a mental dis-order by even psychology. Basically forcing us into an uncomfortable and frightening silence. Who can we tell? None of us want to be laughed at much less institutionalized!

We are faced with quite the dilemmas! I remember pranking a woman on the telephone several years ago and asking her my traditional question "Is the queen of evil there...?" This was one of the ways I would deal with my fetish. I would dial numbers at random and attempt to manipulate women into talking to me about it. You'd be surprised how many women actually went along with me and were somewhat into the whole concept but that's another story and I don't recommend prank calling people now a days with *69 and caller id phones.

Anyway, I ask this woman that question and she says very coldly "Do you have any idea who you just called???" She was serious as if I had called the police station or some FBI agent. At that point I thought I was done for, the world would now know of my warped fetish and all would be exposed. Next thing I hear her say is "I'm a psychologist!" Suddenly a great feeling of relief came over me and i continued on with my regular routine only this time I blabbered every thing! Every little detail, from my primitive drawings, the crank calls, the collages, the jerking off sessions etc... I figured I could use a "professionals" opinion.

We talked for a few hours and by the end of it all she kept on telling me was that I should talk to a shrink (it's hard to avoid puns when writing for this genre) and I needed help for sure. She was slightly curious but not amused. I vehemently denied that I needed help due to the simple fact that no one was being hurt by my fantasy, except the poor souls that I woke up in the middle of the night but I never talked to anyone who didn't want to. Other then that I was healthy and basically a normal teenage boy. I've always been slightly eccentric but socially functional and able to carry on with every day existence. So what was wrong with me? Ok, I shouldn't call strangers but I was young and just plain horny.

-yumy-

Is there anything wrong with us? Well, it depends on who you talk to. For starters who do you tell and who shouldn't you tell? In my experiences I have told mostly girls and very few men. In fact when I was around 14 a friend of mine asked me what my ultimate sexual fantasy was and I replied being with a woman the size of King Kong. He was perplexed and brushed it off assuming I was joking. I didn't go any further fearing that I would only be embarrassed in the end. Sure I felt a bit crazy but again, it's not like I was incapable of living a normal life so I didn't try to suppress my strong urges.

As time went on I began having girlfriends and my fantasies had not subsided but had increased. Even before I was having sex with girls I would use reverse psychology on them in order to get them to unwittingly get me off over the phone. I would often say things like "I'm going to shrink you and drop you in the toilet!" thus the girl would say "Well, I'm going to shrink you small as a pea and squash you between my fingers!" I of course would be in heaven!

Finally at age 16 I had lost my virginity with a wonderful girl named Sunny, who later went on to steal an armored truck full of money from Las Vegas but that's another ballgame. She was beautiful and experimental sexually as I was. Even at 16 years old I was asking her to wear garter belts and gloves. We would do role playing as well and as much as she humored me on the idea of being a giantess she rarely mentioned it during sexual relations.

It simply wasn't real so why bother she would say. This brings me to a significant question that all of us must struggle with. How can we incorporate our fantasy into the reality of sex? And are we capable of sex without the presence of our inner most desires?

Jeff Villencia said it well when he said that we should never think of our mates as just a foot or just a pair of heels etc. I have to admit that there have been times where I have dampened sex with bitchy whines begging for some giantess type something from a partner. I would say that I have been beyond lucky in the relationships I have had with women in that they have all been open minded and kinky to varying degrees. I only now realize how amazing they were to be able to play along with my obsessions and not dump me for being insane and utterly selfish.

I guess what I'm trying to say to you is that you can't expect a woman to instinctively know how to handle your fetish. Hell, even a prostitue would have trouble with one of us! This goes along with any fetish and especially a rare one like ours. It is vital for us to remember that no matter how much a woman enjoys the giantess scene it is OUR thing not theirs. We must attempt to avoid persecuting our loved ones for failure to bring our strange lusts to a boil. Never forget the fact they are playing with you only because they love you and want you to be happy. Always be thankful for that and do your best to satisfy whatever needs your Giantess has! As she does the same for your pathetic little ass.

I'm no Abby but here's my advice on coming out of the shoebox. If you really feel the need to tell someone, I would go with the standard best friend thing. Chances are you're best friend, male or female, will be accepting and not cruel or overly critical. Try to pop it on them in a casual intimate moment, not in the shopping mall. If they seem to shun you ask them this: "Are you telling me you wouldn't enjoy tits the size of your house or car?" If it's a guy he may see your point if not forget about it. In my estimation there are thousands of us walking the streets. Lucky for us, we've at least found each other. Every one I've corresponded with so far has been ultra nice and supportive. We are a fine bunch of peons indeed!

Should you tell your girlfriend, wife, lover and or potential partners? I say YES! However, approach them with caution. You should probably be able to get a decent idea of a ladies attitude after knowing them for a little while. If they seem open minded and fairly experimental in any way then they may enjoy exploiting your special weakness. But by all means do not get hung up on it!!! Just because you love pizza doesn't mean you eat it everyday! Take it slow and be supportive to any efforts your partner makes. Even if she is a lousy Giantess at first, be calm and tell her she was great. No need to turn her off at the get go!

As far as getting her to visualize a scene I would recommend starting with you being shrunk by some mysterious force instead of having her grow. I say this because many women are insecure about their bodies and looks. The last thing they want is to imagine themselves as a colossal freak of nature for the world to see. On the other hand some confident women may insist on being 100ft. tall and naked! You never know but take it slow.

I hope my ramblings help at least one of you out there. Just try to remember that the world isn't going to accept us easily. I don't think any of you should go on Opra and talk about it, only because the aftermath may be unbearable and not worth the bad press exposure our fetish would get. What good does it do any of us to be laughed at? You may want to get a Giantess t-shirt made of somekind, thus subliminaly advertising the idea and encouraging women to think about it by seeing it. I heard a story of a woman who was wearing a Hannah 50ft. woman t-shirt and it said: "50ft. Woman, just about the right size!" This is indeed hope for all of us! Let's get some ladies involved! Get those surveys filled out men come on!

P.S. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

BUGGY

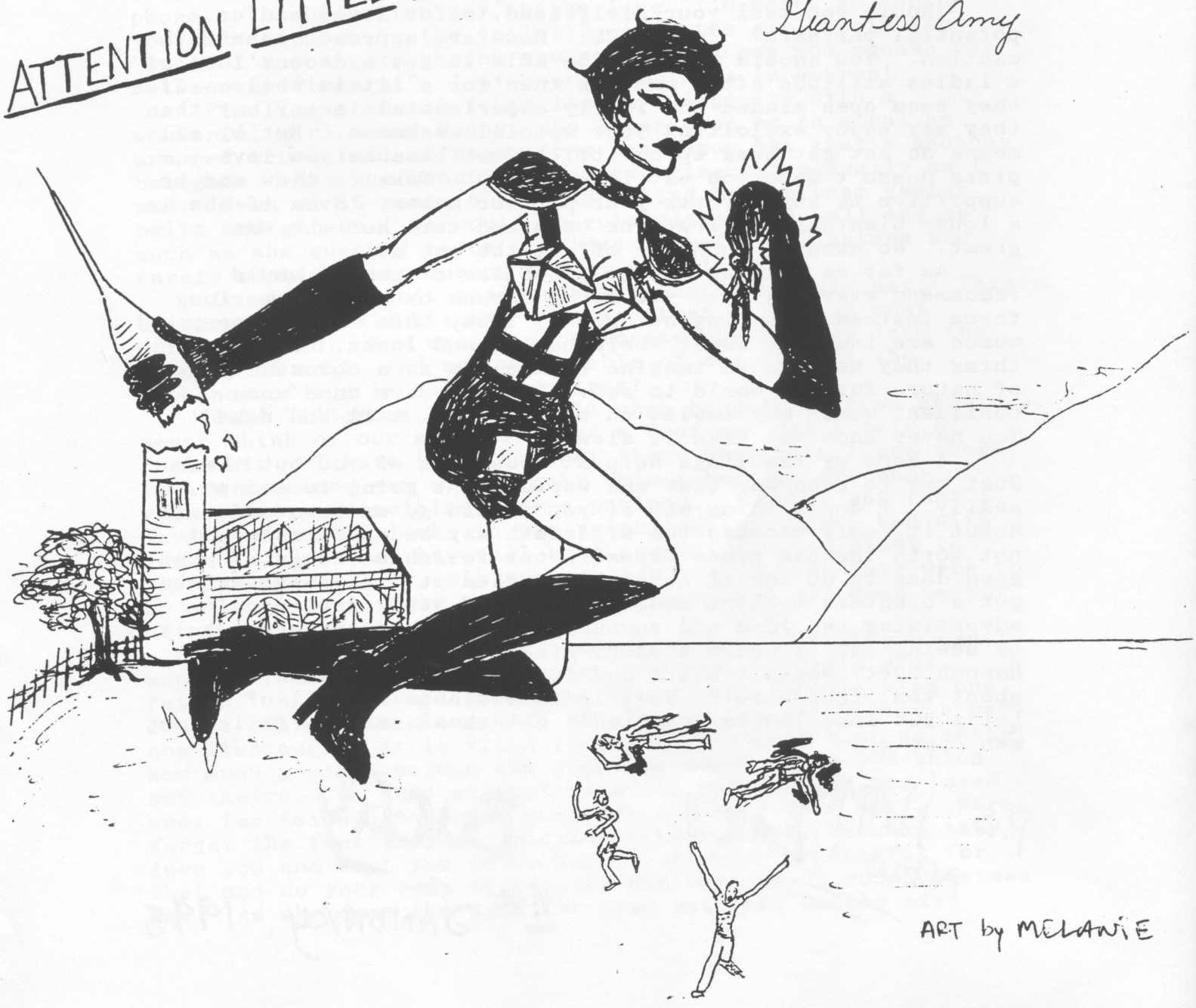
1st. JANUARY, 1995

You do not deserve the attentions you crave. The Giant ladies who indulge you are not there as a service to you. It is because we understand that you are simply objects to be used for our pleasure that we allow you the honor of our gorgeous giant feet on your tiny little faces. It is because we love you that we want to pick you up and squeeze you in our giant hands Remember where you belong. Remember whose pleasure comes first. And always, love, respect, and worship the Giantess(es) in your humble lives.

Jerk off one for me.

Giantess Amy

ATTENTION LITTLE BOYS!



ART by MELANIE

This is the first Giantess Show survey, it should be filled out by women only, in their own hand writing and sent back to YUM Y, PO Box 1231, Buffalo, NY, 14213. Photocopies are fine.

1.) First name: MISTRESS HOLLY
2.) Age: 36
3.) Favorite Color: BLACK
4.) Eye color: BLUE-PIERCING BLUE
5.) Hair color: BLOND
6.) Do you paint your fingernails? YES ALWAYS (well it's done for me)
7.) Do you paint your toenails? YES ALWAYS (done by my slaves)
8.) If yes for 6-7, what color? Red with gold inlays
9.) Do you wear perfume? Yes What Kind? Balkir
10.) Describe your favorite type of footwear: The only kind of footwear, exotic high heels-pumps, boots 7-6" heels.
11.) Do you enjoy stepping on insects? NO
12.) Why or why not? INSECTS ARE OUR FRIENDS, SMARTER THAN MEN.

13.) If you could develop any method of shrinking people to as small as you wanted them, what way would you develop? (ray gun, spell, nose twinkle etc...) Special delicious drink then I would piss on them and they would shrink.

14.) Who would you shrink first and how small would you make them? Why? Be detailed: George Bush, then all other males, as many as possible. I'd be content if they were about 6 to 8 inches tall, large enough to do useful work and be used as dolls.

15.) What would you do to ~~him~~, her, or them? Train them to be maids, servants and tampons. Dress them all up in pretty party dresses and lingerie, place them in packages and line them up and sell them in toy stores to girls.

16.) Where would you keep them if you wanted them alive? In little plastic doll-display cases, or dollhouses.

17.) Would you enjoy toying with a tiny man? Why? Of course ... yes ... they'd be cute and fun to toy with.

18.) Would you step on anyone? Only males.

19.) If you could shrink a famous person, who & why? George Bush, Ronald Regan, all Republicans, all rich men. Because they are small in spirit anyway and deserve it.

20.) If you could grow 50ft. tall or taller for one day, would you? Not 50 feet Why? but I'd settle for about 20 feet. 22 in heels.

21.) If you could wear anything you wanted for that day, what would it be? In detail: I always wear anything I want every day. Prefered is exotic silk lingerie, quality corsetry and tight leather mini dresses, sheer stockings and ALWAYS heels!

24.) What might you do if you were a giantess for a day? Round up all despicable males, put them in holding cells (doll cases), in various forms of bondage. Designate those to live in toilets keeping them clean, others as tampons (strings tied to their genitals, bound, inserted head first with instructions to gobble up EVERYTHING. If they leak, just flush ~~em~~ 'em down the toilet. Train the rest to work TOGETHER in labor teams to do everything especially build palaces for us giant women. They would all have to learn to work at great heights, of course, cooking for us giant women, and to do high-stiletto work in tiny little high heeled pumps and tiny dresses! Ha!

25.) Would you enjoy watching a woman or women toying with little men? I do it regularly. Watching small men quiver in fear before my 6'3" (6'4" in heels) beautiful body makes me cum!

26.) Would you enjoy seeing women abuse many tiny people? In groups they would be fun! Make them perform little shows... sex shows with each other

27.) What do you think of this survey? It was prepared by a tiny little male with a small mind on one track.

28.) Comments on any of these subjects? You need a big woman to edit your mag, to whip the layout and typing boys and to kick around the copyist and to force you to raise more money for better quality production

29.) Does GIANTESS SHOW have the permission to print your answers to these questions? Of course, small matter.

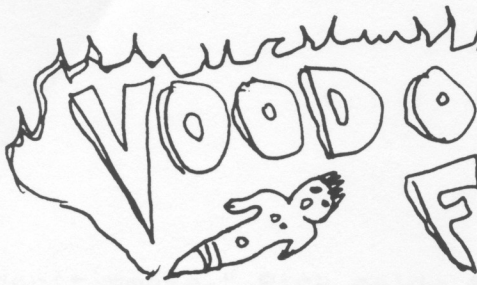
Thank you for your time, if there is anything you would like to know please write to YUM Y , PO BOX 1231, Buffalo, NY, 142131

Fill in the comic with your own words!

You must put in your own words or you're not getting it back!

This survey should be photocopied and passed along to females who might actually fill it in for you or themselves, then you should send us a copy so we can share different women's ideas with each other. Thank you for your time, BUGGY of Giantess Show. Write to YUM Y., PO Box 1231, Buffalo, NY, 14213.

SOME fun y Fiction FOR YA!



by WAYNE C.

The whole place was in an uproar because they had arrived in town only that morning. Rick had spent the better part of two weeks trying to track them down. They didn't have a set tour and only decided the night before they left what their next stop was. Luckily, the tip Rick had gotten in Shorb Lake had turned out to be right and now he was wandering through the newly erected tents, looking for a woman they called The Queen of Ceylon and hoping she could lead him to the missing Dr. J. Sutherland.

Rick had taken the case because he had met Sutherland before--they were somewhat acquainted--and figured he had a better chance of finding him than anyone in the squad. The doctor had mysteriously disappeared just a few weeks earlier. All that was known was he had visited the circus religiously when it was in town, especially the act of the Queen. She was the last person to be seen with him before his disappearance.

Rick stopped a little man, no bigger than two feet.

"Where can I find this woman?" He showed him the picture.

The midget grimaced, pointed out the directions and ran away.

Rick moved through the labyrinth of canvass. The only thing he knew about the Queen was that she was a tall, attractive woman who had been with the circus since she was a girl and that her act had something to do with her feet.

He came to an opening, leading to a large room and figured that this must be it. The room was filled with delicate tapestries, damasks and other ornate relics that looked like they had been gathered from around the world. Rick walked in, browsing through the antiques, wondering if anyone was there.

"Who the hell are you?"

She came from one of the other rooms and stood there in her black silk robe, staring Rick down, burning holes in him with her jade eyes.

"What are you doing here?" She moved closer, standing now with her hands on her hips, livid, and demanding answers.

Rick didn't know what to say. He felt embarrassed, even . . . scared. He probably shouldn't have just walked in her room like that. And she was so beautiful, long auburn hair flowing around her fresh, youthful face. And those eyes! He felt his cock rustle in his pants as she moved even closer, wearing only her bathrobe. She was a whole head taller than him.

"I said, what the hell are you doing here?"

"Uh....well ...my name is Officer Rick Magnuson--"

"A Cop! Ha! Ha!" she laughed, walking past Rick over to a large antique couch. She pointed to a chair next to the couch. "Sit down,' she said and Rick obeyed. Then she herself sprawled out on the couch and proceeded to open a drawer in the table infront of her, pulling out a silver tray with a bottle of nail polish and an emery board on it. The entire operation was done with her feet. She set

the tray on a stand at the far end of the couch and picking up the emery board with her toes began to pedicure the other foot. Rick watched this with much interest.

"I'm sorry I just walked in. I guess I was just intrigued by all the stuff. . ." Rick took another survey of the room.

"I like to collect things," she said, meeting his eyes with a smile.

" the reason I'm here is I'm looking for a Dr. Sutherland. He's been missing for several weeks."

"So." She seemed completely uninterested.

"Well he came to see your act quite frequently and you were the last person to be seen with him, so I thought you might know something of his whereabouts."

" And if I did why would I tell you?"

"Well--"

"Well, unfortunately for you I never heard of that man before." She paused, smiling at Rick. " do you like red?" the Queen asked as she opened the bottle with her toes and began to paint the nails of the opposite foot.

"Ah... yes." Rick watched the precision with which she wielded her feet, taking notice of how her robe had slipped down, exposing her long sleek legs. Rick's eyes traveled up and down the supple white flesh, savoring the smooth curves of each calf and thigh. Rick's cock began to leap. Then she brought each foot to her mouth, where she blew her nails dry. Rick watched her puckered lips whistling over her toes. The robe slid further. He followed the strong white thigh to where her ass and crotch were now beginning to show.

Rick's stiff cock pressed hard against his pants. He could hardly contain himself. "I can't do this," he thought. "I've got to think of the case." Rick diverted his eyes in the hopes of collecting himself. He noticed a little ornately carved silver box on the table infront of him. It was crusted with various stones.

"What's this?" he said, hoping to change the subject and distract his mind. He reached for the box.

Before he could touch it, the Queen's large leg swooped down and she grasped his hand with her foot, twisting it back as she crushed his fingers.

"You shouldn't touch things that don't belong to you," she said, still wrenching his hand before she flung it back at him with a powerful jolt. Then she laughed. Rick's hand hurt and he tried to rub away the pain. Oddly this seemed to turn him on more.

"Your lucky my nails are dry and didn't get ruined," she said, examining each foot to make sure there were no smudges and sending Rick a smile. "So you want to smoke?"

"I don't smoke," Rick said, still rubbing his hand.

"Really?" She seemed surprised. "You should try it sometime."

The Queen removed a lace cloth from a bowl with her foot, exposing ripe strawberries. She began picking at them, bringing them to her mouth with her toes. Again the robe slid down as she raised her legs high. Rick's eyes were quick to scan the area, his erection still strong and growing.

"Are you hungry?" The Queen gave a coy smirk.

"Yes."

She reached down with her foot, picked up a strawberry and brought it slowly to Rick's mouth. As he received the fruit, he could smell the freshness of her foot, of its young flesh. He took her toes into his mouth, sucking on the soft skin, lapping up the remaining juices of the strawberry. His tongue worked around her toes as she caressed his mouth. Then it moved on toward the heel and ankle, kissing, licking. She brought her other foot to his face and grasped his head tight. Rick realized that all she had to do was flex her legs and she could snap his neck. This seemed to excite him.

She brought him to the floor, pulling him down with her feet, hard, as he hit. Then she slid above him, working her feet down to his crotch where his cock trembled, hard. She delicately undid his belt and zipper. He could feel the warmth of her foot through the denim even before his pants were down. His cock, stiff and exposed, quivered as she gazed down upon it. She gave it three quick strokes with the bottom of her soft foot to harden it further. Then she grasped it with her dexterous toes and began to jack it off. Up and down her toes worked their magic, while her other foot came underneath to stroke his sack. Rick laid like this for several minutes, writhing, his cock aflame, the Queen busy at work. She began to pull roughly, jerking him hard, his body leaving the ground several times as she lifted him by his stiff dick. Then she stood, pressing his dick down into the floor. She placed her full weight on his cock, digging the ball of her foot into its shaft as she mashed it. Rick moaned and squirmed and she pressed even harder, squeezing out the gizz the way one might do to a tube of toothpaste.

When it was over Rick lay their panting, trying to regain himself. The Queen lifted her foot to Rick's face.

"My foot is dirty," she said, holding it above him, while drops of semen fell to his eyes. Then she brought it down to his mouth and what could Rick do except to lick and suck her foot clean of his own cum.

When she felt his job sufficient, she pulled her foot away, stood above him, hands on hips and laughed.

"You'll have to excuse me officer while I go and freshen up." She walked away.

Rick was still on the ground, trying to catch his breath. Slowly he rose, pulling up his pants and looked around the room. She was gone. He couldn't even imagine continuing with his investigation. Then he saw it, the silver box. He walked up to the table, wondering if he should open it. His curiosity won out and he slowly raised the lid.

Rick couldn't believe what he saw. There in the box were about a dozen little men, each no more than two inches tall. When they saw Rick they jumped up and down for him to save them.

"Well, well you really are getting ahead of yourself, Rick." The Queen of Ceylon entered the room dressed in all her regalia. A scant, ornately embroidered suit of gold barely covered her mid-section. Her chest was exposed except for two jewel embellished patches over the nipples. On her head was a glowing crown and in one hand a scepter.

"There'll be time enough to look in there," she said slamming the lid of the box shut. A little man trying to escape was severed in two by the falling lid, his front half dropping down the side of the box where it lay in a tiny drop of crimson.

Rick froze with horror. "And as for your Dr. Sutherland, well, lets just say he's always been close to my heart." She began to laugh. Then Rick saw it amidst all the other jewels that decorated her neck. Hanging from a chain was the little Dr. Sutherland. She was wearing him as a pendant. He was naked and bounced from breast to breast, fumbling and disoriented while she laughed.

The Queen roared and the more she chuckled the more the little doctor was knocked about. Till, finally, as her chest rose, like a chasm her cleavage spread and he fell between her breasts. There he was smothered by her giant tits, his tiny body slowly crushed by her soft flesh. Then Rick began to see the others. Little naked men were dangling from her ears, or strapped to bracelets, or bound to rings. Some were stuck on pins as they squirmed in her hair. Scores of small men ornamented her whole body.

"I told you I like to collect things," she laughed once again and then touching her scepter uttered some incantation in a tongue Rick had never heard before. Within seconds Rick was no bigger than a matchstick. He looked up at the giant woman towering above him and fearing his life began to run.

The Queen just glanced at him and very casually took a seat. She seemed almost bored as she watched Rick scurry across the floor. When she had enough of this she raised her massive leg and brought her foot down to the floor, just a few inches from the fleeing Rick. The impact knocked him over.

"Rick, where are you trying to run to? It would take you about an hour just to get to the door."

Rick got up and made a dash for it. Again, she allowed him to run for a few minutes before bringing her foot down. This time she snatched him between her toes and brought him to her.

"Some people never learn."

"Your not gonna get away with this."

"What are you gonna do? Arrest me?" she laughed, squeezing him tighter. With her other foot she began taking off his cloths. Rick felt ashamed as his garments were ripped from his little body effortlessly, torn off him by her soft fleshy toes. When Rick was completely naked she surveyed him once more.

"I'm going to set you down, officer, and don't even think of running or I'll squash you like a bug." She placed Rick down on the table infront of her, resting her giant foot next to him. Rick began to speak and she flung him down with her toe. He got up only to be knocked back down by the same toe.

"I didn't say you could get back up."

"Can I get back up?" Rick felt like a fool but there was nothing he could do.

"No." She brought her other foot to the table, surrounding him. "How would you like me to step on your cock now, officer?" Rick didn't say anything. "I asked you a question!"

"Look, I don't know what your trying to pull , but this isn't very--"

"What am I trying to pull? That's a good question. What am I trying to pull?"

She snatched Rick with her left foot, holding him tight. With her right little toe she gently began stroking Rick's miniature pecker till it became hard. Then she slid her nail over his erection, sliding his dick to its edge. She let him go, but when Rick tried to move he couldn't. His dick was caught between her skin and nail. She laughed at him as he struggled. Then she began to drag her foot across the table and Rick with it.

"Does that answer your question?" Rick didn't reply, but struggled furiously to free himself.

The Queen dragged her foot across the table once more, then back and forth, trailing Rick with her. She picked up pace so Rick had to run in order to keep his cock from ripping off. Then she stopped. Rick was panting.

"Are you a gambling man, officer?" Rick was silent.

"If I happened to suddenly lift my foot from the table," she continued,"What would you put your money on? Do you think your tiny dick would slip out from under my nail? Or would it rip right off? Or would you go with it and fall to your death once your cock finally gave way?" She waited for his reaction, smiling down on him.

"Please...I'm sorry," Rick pleaded.

"You know what officer? I seem to have a hangnail. And I have such good pedicure. I wonder how that could have happened?" With her other foot she reached over to the table where the pedicure scissors were and brought them to her nail and Rick's dick. She held the scissors open over the spot, while Rick cringed, eyes closed. Then she snipped. Rick fell backwards.

The Queen laughed as she watched Rick nervously feel his aching, though still intact, penis. Luckily for him she had snipped off enough nail to spare it. She filed the nail smooth, taking little notice of Rick panting on the table.

Rick saw this as an opportunity to make a break for it. He darted for the bowl of strawberries, hoping to hide, until he could escape. But before he could reach its safety, the Queen spotted him and snatched him with her foot, dragging him by one toe clasped leg back to the center of the table.

"Where are your manners? Leaving me without even saying goodbye. You can really hurt a girl's feelings."

Rick didn't say anything. The Queen looked down on him and smiled. "Rick, I have an idea. Let's have sex!" She chirped it, smiling coyly at the little man. Even though at this point Rick was only thinking of escape and the danger he was in, for some reason this excited him. The thought of straddling those mammoth tits and sliding down her smooth and gorgeous body was too appealing to dismiss. Even though his rational side told him the Queen was simply too cruel of a woman to allow him this privilege and that even if she did, sex with a woman one hundred times his size was sure to mean death, Rick still didn't care. He was full of lust, his little pecker rising to attention, as he gazed at the giant woman leaned back seductively, all her silky white flesh waiting to be explored like some heavenly frontier.

"I take that as a yes?" she said, noticing his erection. She grabbed him with her left foot, her two outer toes grasping his legs, while the inner ones clasped his arms. Rick was in a stockade of toes, unable to move as he laid over her instep. He could feel the heat of her sweaty toes as they gripped his limbs. Then he felt the soft touch of her other foot on his back, stroking him up and down, rubbing him with first the toes, then the arch and finally her soft heel. She did this for several minutes, until Rick was boiling with passion.

The Queen reached over to the table with her foot and pulled out a toothpick, she wet it in her mouth and then brought it to Rick. The excess saliva soaked him as she scratched the wooden staff down his back.

"What are you doing," Rick cried in alarm.

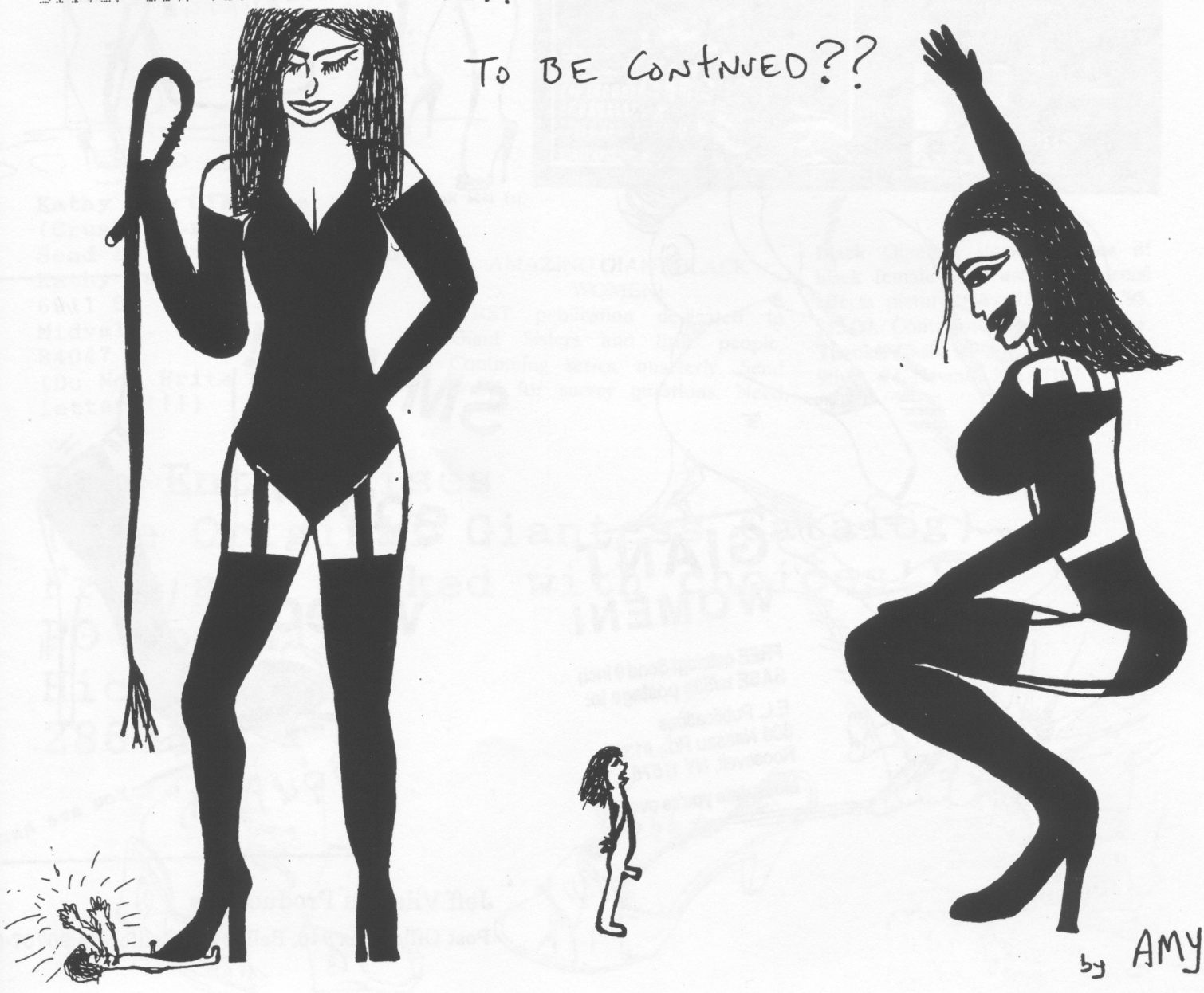
"Well, you said you wanted to have sex. I'm going to rape you, officer." And with that she thrust the toothpick up his ass, buttfucking him with the slow motion of her foot. Rick screamed and writhed in agony as she proceeded.

"You know," the Queen said, "you can't imagine the dexterity and precision needed to accomplish such a delicate task. I mean, I don't want to brag or anything, but it really does require the steadiest of feet." She smiled at him.

Rick, obviously, had no reply.

When she was satisfied that he had enough, she let him go and he collapsed to the table. With a flick of the ankle she flung him on his back where he continued to lay, not moving, but breathing heavily.

She gave him a few caresses with her big toe, pressing hard enough to make him gasp and contemplated whether she should finish him off right there with one last squish. She decided he'd be more fun in her collection and grasping him between toes, tossed him into the silver box for later use.....



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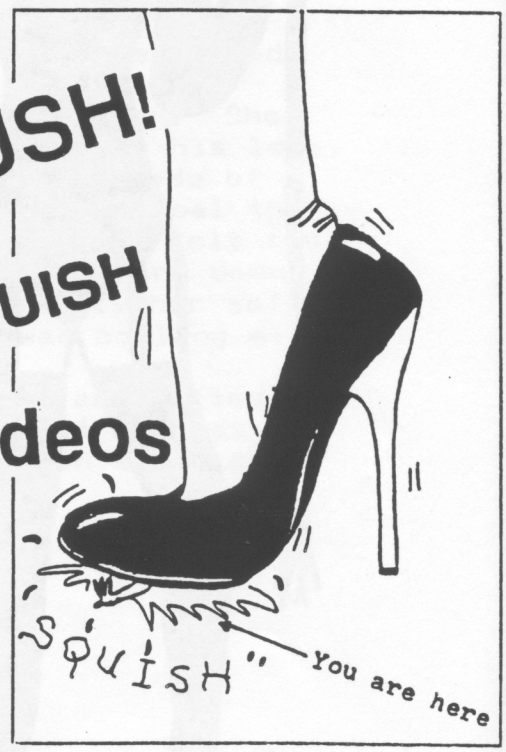

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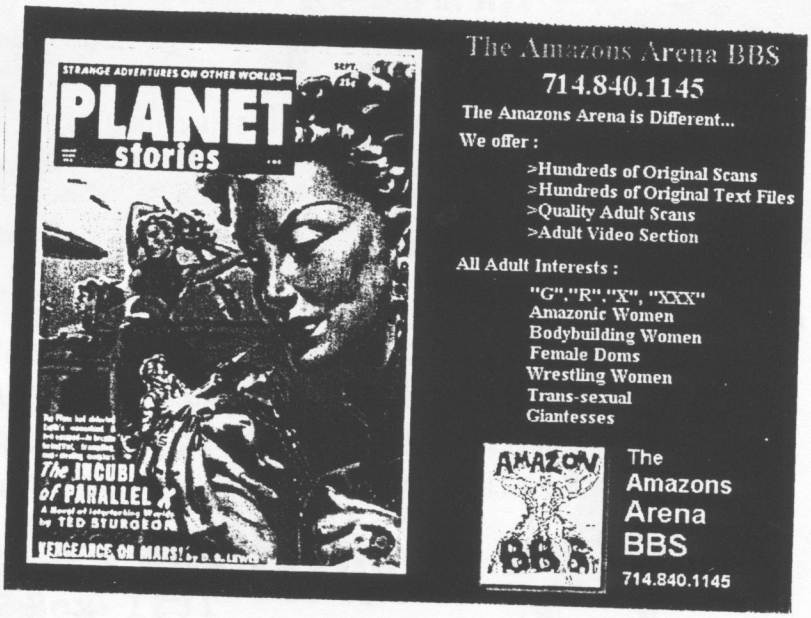

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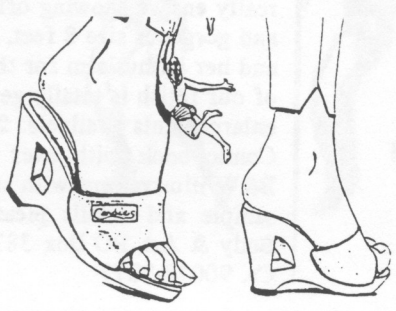

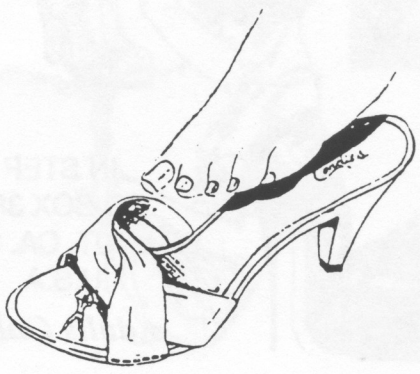

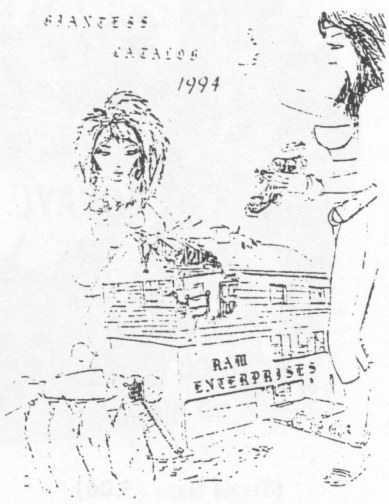

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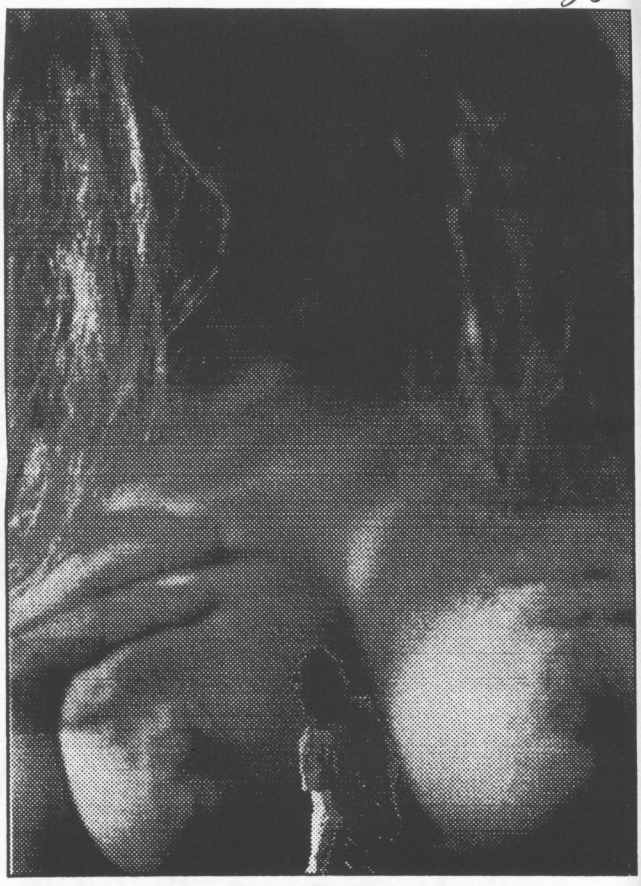

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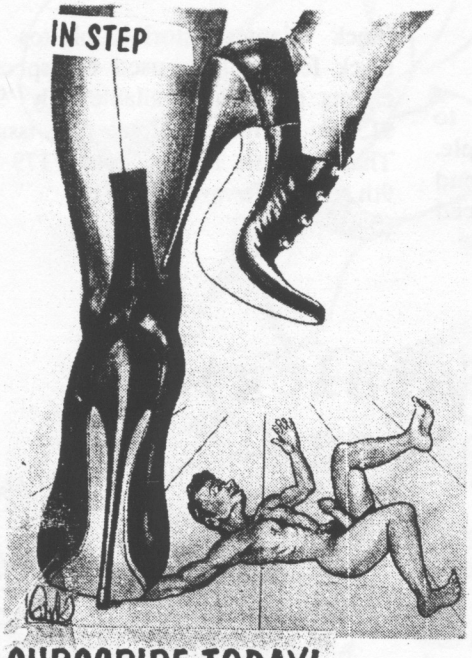

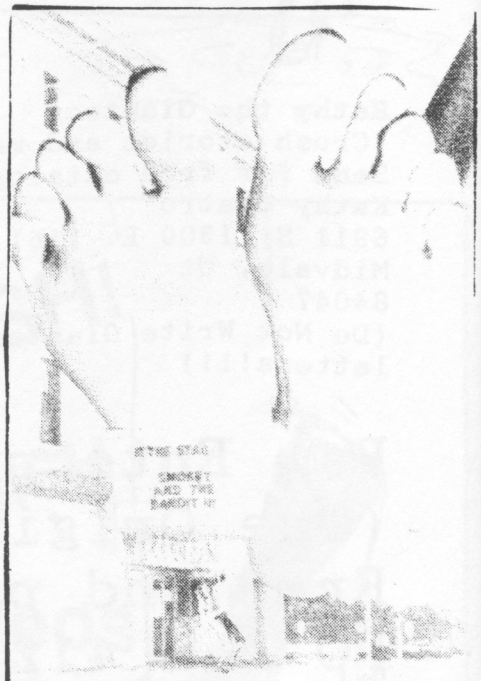

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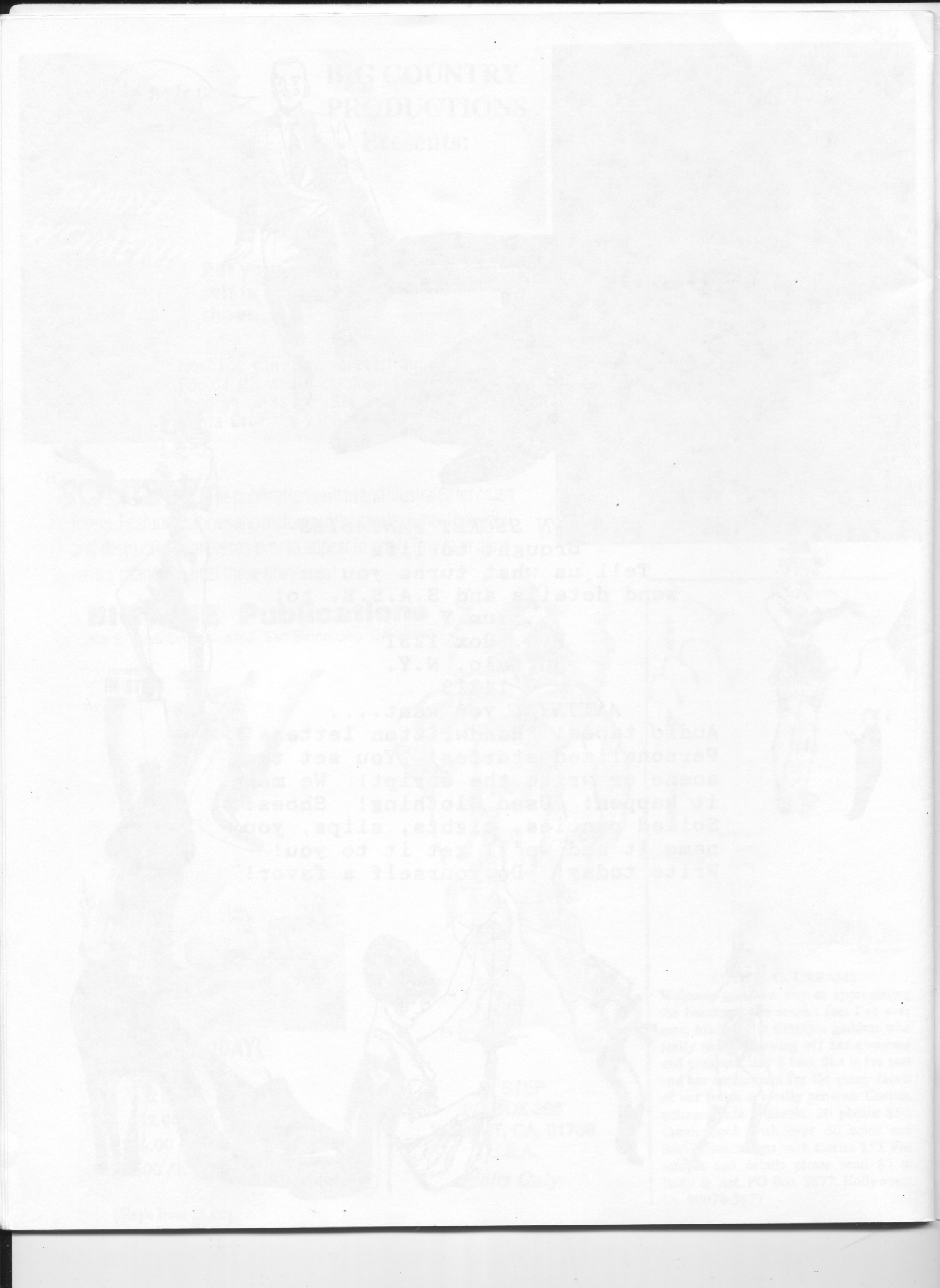
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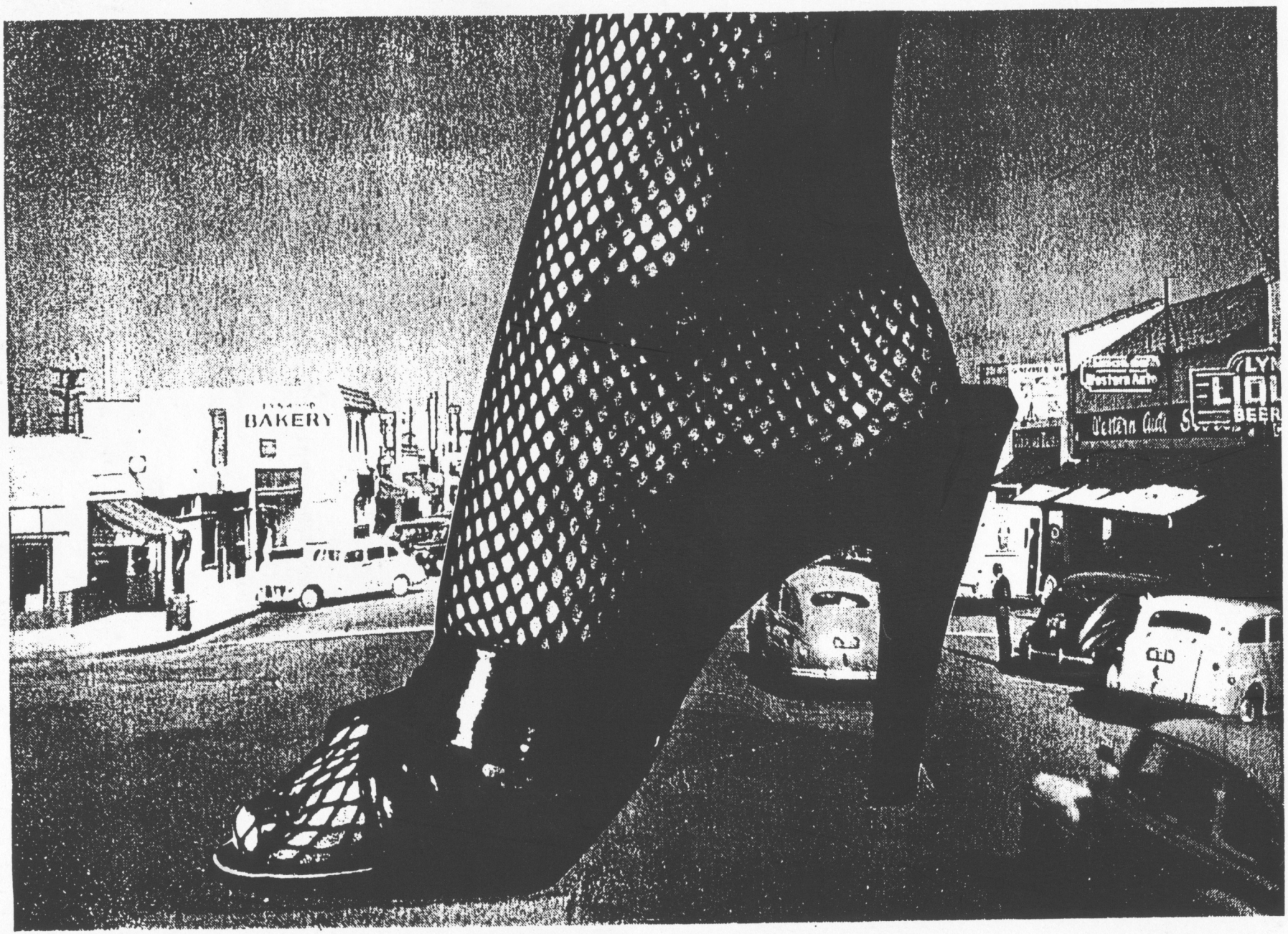

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